

PASTOR AND FLOCK ATTEND COURT FOR BACON DIVORCE

Split Into Two Camps Over
Ex-Organist's Family
Troubles.

CLERGYMAN HORRIFIED.

This When Plaintiff Says He
Was Her Husband's Friend
for Money Only.

Nearly all the congregation of the First Baptist Church of Long Island City, with its pastor, Rev. Mr. Eugene P. Hall, its choir and sewing circles, were in the Supreme Court to-day before Justice Lehman to hear what the former organist of the church, Mrs. Dora Bacon, had to add to her charges that the minister told her husband, Capt. Samuel Marshall Bacon, to "let the bird fly."

Dr. Hall, with Mrs. Hall and the chorists, was not long in doubt as to Mrs. Bacon's opinion of the church's influence in her family affairs.

"There he is," she said, pointing from the witness stand to the tall, thin, blond-haired minister, who sat in the rear of the courtroom. "Dr. Hall was my husband's friend just so long as he could get money from him. Dr. Hall took up my home, and although he says he is my husband's friend I believe he is his enemy."

The courtroom buzzed with excitement. Dr. Hall clasped his hands in holy horror that his former organist should thus characterize his good offices in striving to reunite the mismatched couple. He shook his head sadly and sought relief from the hundred or more eyes. The parishioners giggled and nudged one another.

Mrs. Bacon proved more than a match for Ira G. Barrin's cross-examination. She denied with striking vehemence her husband's charges that she had forgotten her wifely vows while in the company of two men who were boarders in the Bacon home.

"You still love the Captain regardless of his conduct toward you," her husband's attorney asked sarcastically.

"Yes, unfortunately, I do still love him. I am only a woman, and I cannot help loving him," she replied for him. "I am willing to live with him again. You must remember, sir, it is a wife's solemn and sworn duty to be ever at her husband's side."

Mrs. Bacon half arose in her chair and emphasized her dramatic reply by pointing a gloved hand at the skipper of the good ship "Golden Rule," who sat uneasily at the counsel table.

The lawyer demanded to know if Mrs. Bacon had not sworn that she preferred to live with Jack Johnson rather than her husband.

"Yes, I swore to that, but I did not have anything to eat that morning and I was, oh, so very nervous. Anyhow, I didn't mean it that way." She declared that the skipper bought toys for Dr. Hall's children at Christmas time, but had failed to spend one penny toward making his own four children happy.

Dr. Hall testified in the captain's behalf. Other members of the church will be called by both husband and wife to tell of the family row which has divided the congregation in hostile camps.

SUMMER ART CALENDAR FREE.

With every issue of next Sunday's World there will be given away a beautiful photographure entitled "Summer on the Hudson," size 10x15 inches, on art paper. Get your order for next Sunday's World in early.

CIRCULATION MEN ELECT.

A. E. Mackinnon Chosen President of International Association.

ON BOARD STEAMER NORONIC. (By wireless to Detroit, Mich.), June 13.

—Completing the most successful convention in the history of the organization, members of the International Association of Circulation Managers aboard the Steamer Noronic of the Northern Navigation Company to-day were near Detroit where the convention will close to-night after a six day tour of the Great Lakes.

The result of last night's balloting for officers of the association for the ensuing year was announced to-day as follows: President, A. E. Mackinnon, New York World; First Vice-President, J. W. Cheever, Le Doyon, Montreal; Second Vice-President, J. M. Schmidt, Indianapolis News; Secretary-Treasurer, Joseph J. Taylor, Grand Rapids Press.

New York City Has Become Pastoral, According to the Inventor of Kewpie



Rose O'Neill, Author-Artist, Finds a Sand Pile in
Which to Play Dolls and a Bungalow in the
Heart of the Big Town, While the
People are Merry and Kind.

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

A new New York has just been discovered by Rose O'Neill, author, artist and inventor of the omnipresent Kewpie. With a hundred guesses you wouldn't hit on her pet adjective for Manhattan. She finds it "pastoral!"

And farm and forest are close behind her. In the Black Forest of Germany Little Master Kewpie was born, and for years Miss O'Neill has spent most of her time on a farm in Southern Missouri, among the Ozark Mountains. At last she is making us a brief visit, and I found her in a sky sitting room a few doors away from Washington Arch.

She is a very beautiful woman, this creator of child drawings we have enjoyed for years, who has hidden herself so successfully behind her work. She has hair of a warm golden-brown, curling irrepressibly, and her eyes seem just a shade darker under their symmetrically arched brows. Her mouth is a cupid's bow, and all the modelling of throat and arms and face is truly and finely done.

"How did you know I thought New York was pastoral?" she demanded, her soft voice trailing off into a little gurgle of amusement. We were ensconced on a big sofa in front of a window with a delightful view of green tree-tops and downtown towers.

"Just now I've been writing it to my mother," she continued. "It's the first time I've really lived here for years, and impressions crowd so fast. One entirely new and strange one is a changed feeling about the city itself."

SHE FORMERLY STOOD IN AWE OF NEW YORK.

"Hitherto I think I always had an awe of New York. I was awed before its ponderosity, its wealth, its surge and pressure. I was afraid of the crowds and the men—the women, too. I thought there was something terrible and magnificent about it. It made me rather shy."

"I never took a sort of possession of it—like other people, whom I often heard say that they loved it or that they felt at home in certain quarters. I never felt at home. I went veiled and exotic—the unrelaxable and uncomfortable passerby."

"I am changed. People find it amusing when I say that the town looks pastoral to me, and that the come and go of life here is so simple compared with the intricacy of the multitudinous outer life of the desert, and so homely after the haughty stars, the glittering courtesies of the sky."

Wouldn't that make the Great White Way blink with rage and turn itself out? I intimated as much to Miss O'Neill, but she only laughed again in her pleasant, gurgling fashion, that reminds one of the liquid note of certain birds.

"The automobiles and the electric signs just fit into the picture," she

observed. "They are nice and quiet and simple."

"What's this I hear about your playing with dolls in a sand-pile on Broadway?" I catinched.

"Oh, you know about that, too!" she beamed. "Well, why do they have a house on Broadway that looks as if it ought to be a cottage in a little country village?"

BUNGALOW IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

"Indeed they have," she repeated, catching my amazed glance. "At Broadway and Twenty-fifth street, in Madison Square, they have a dear little cottage in a sort of enclosure."

"I suppose it's where the subway men keep their tools, but my sister calls it a bungalow and I think it stands there so like 'sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.' There's a sand-heap beside it, and it seems to us such a nice place for poultry."

"But you wanted to hear about our playing dolls. My sister started it. She does fondle New York. And yesterday we walked up Fifth Avenue yesterday, we took a table at a candy shop. For the first time I saw them in a New York shop window and I did think they looked adorable! We went in and my sister bought me two."

"We carried one Kewpie with us, exposed, like this," and Miss O'Neill picked up one of the tiny little Kewpies we set Kewpie in the sand pile and she was established. In its little bonnet it winked up from the top of that pastoral sand, and nobody seemed to mind. Our privacy was unbroken. There is no privacy like this in the woods, where somebody is chirping at you all the time."

I was reminded of that cliff-dweller by the side of the elevated railroad, who couldn't sleep in the country "because of those darned crickets." Nevertheless I have never walked through the woods without feeling that I was being watched.

CROWDS SHE HAS MET ARE NOT RUDE.

"I have heard a great deal about the crowds and their rudeness in New York," Miss O'Neill went on. "But I haven't experienced these disagreeable things. People seem so kind and gentle."

"Have you been down in the subway?" I was guilty of interrupting.

"No," she admitted.

"Don't," said I, "if you want to keep your illusions, and don't try to walk across Park Row between 5.30 and 6 P. M."

But New York women have really changed," she insisted.

"Used to have such a way of looking one over, from crown to toe. One wondered if one's shoes were sufficiently polished, if one's hat was straight. Now they look so much more gently and kindly, as if they wanted to be friends with you."

"My mother noticed the difference when she was in the city last year, after a long absence. And I believe it's the woman movement that's responsible. Women of all classes are discovering how much they have in common. They are feeling a friend-

liness for each other in place of the old antagonism.

"In their carriage and their dress I find again the pastoral quality. They walk gracefully, not stiffly as they did once, with their lips pressed together and a look as if they expected momentarily to be assaulted. And their clothes are so lovely—these little flowered frocks showing the throat, these small, bonnet-like hats! As for the new dances, I think them delightful. People go in and drink tea and get up and dance like merry-makers on the village green."

"People seem to me to be enjoying New York as they never did before," concluded the artist. "They are less stiff, less self-conscious and their faces look happier. Really, I am becoming so fond of the place! I call it the 'City of Beautiful Towers,' after a little Italian town I know."

"And New York men—you find them pastoral," I asked.

"They look kind and gentle and chivalrous," maintained Miss O'Neill. "I used to be afraid of them, but I'm not now."

NOTABLES AT FUNERAL OF JUDGE HORNBLOWER

Simple Church Services Attended by Representatives of Many Organizations.

William Butler Hornblower, Associate Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, who died at Litchfield, Conn., early Tuesday morning, was buried to-day in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Simple funeral services, though they were attended by representatives of many legal and social organizations, were held in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Henry Sloan Coffin preaching the sermon.

The church was crowded. Besides the few members of Judge Hornblower's family, including his widow and son, there were members of the bench and of the bar, delegations from the City Bar Association, the Sons of the Revolution, the Princeton Club and other organizations.

The honorary pall bearers were Gov. Martin H. Glynn, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals Willard Bartlett, Justice George Ingraham, Judge of the United States Circuit Court Henry G. Ward, Surrogate Robert Ludlow Fowler, President Alton B. Parker of the New York Bar Association, President Thomas H. Hubbard of the New York County Lawyers Association, John G. Milburn of the Board of Statutory Consolidation, Francis Lynde Stetson, Austin G. Fox, William W. Miller, Martin W. Potter and President George W. Wickesham of the City Bar Association.

Among the members of the family and friends who attended the funeral were: Mrs. Hornblower, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Hornblower, Mrs. Lewis W. Hornblower, Mrs. Joseph C. Hornblower, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Woodruff, Frederick S. Woodruff, Chancellor and Mrs. Eugene Stevenson, Miss Bertha Chapin, Charles Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Close, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sanford and Mrs. Leavitt Howe. J. Angus Shaw attended as a representative of the Joseph Pulitzer Trustees.

Hotel in Bankruptcy.

An involuntary petition in bankruptcy was to-day filed in the United States District Court against Frank A. Brobst, doing business under the name of the Hotel Brobst, No. 2 East Twenty-seventh street. Liabilities are said to amount to \$21,000 and assets about \$10,000. The attorney for the petitioning creditors is J. G. Galsburg, No. 315 Broadway.

THREE MOVIE STUDIOS IN DANGER OF FIRE CLOSED UP IN RAID

Great Emotion Displayed by
Actors as Inspector Makes
Dramatic Entrance.

Fire Commissioner Adamson has declared war on the workshops of the "movies." Three concerns which have permitted films, chemicals and other inflammable materials to lie around carelessly were raided last night.

To-day Chief Inspector John R. Healy of the Bureau of Combustibles, Albert de Rooze, Special Assistant Corporation Counsel, and a squad of men are on a still hunt for other offenders operating studios without a permit.

If it had been staged before a "movie" camera the raid on three floors at No. 199 West One Hundred and First street could not have been more dramatic. The trouble started when a troupe appearing in a scenario called "The Conquerors" returned to the studio of the Rameo Film Company on the second floor of the building after a hard day of "conquering" at Fort Lee. They were in costume and tired.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp—the tired Romans—centurians, gladiators, plebeians, patricians, et al, laborious!" mounted the stairs.

"Halt!" commanded Inspector Healy in the stentorian tones of the most approved stage director. They halted, for Healy, like Horatius at the bridge, comfortably filled the narrow hallway to the dressing rooms.

"Got to get out of here," advised Healy. "Business this strip has been suspended by order of the Fire Department."

Shrill screams from the leading lady and throaty exclamations from the Roman warriors were raised. "But our clothes," chorused the troupe. "We got to have 'em. Anthony Comstock will get us if we go out this way."

Healy allowed they could have the clothes all right, but insisted the troupe be quick in getting them on. Healy had no further difficulty, for even the pampered leading lady broke all records in making a quick change.

Two other film concerns on the same floor were ordered to discontinue business when it was found they had no permit and inflammable materials, unprotected electric wiring and films were a menace to the safety of the building.

It was necessary for Commissioner Adamson to enforce an ordinance never before used by the department in existing the concerns from the fourth floor of the building in the studio of the Universal Film Company. Chief Kenyon had to send in three alarms before the fire was got under control. The time Chief Kenyon predicted there would have been a loss of life if the blaze had occurred during working hours.

"PEOPLE'S MACHINES" TO COMBAT POLITICAL PLAN OF MISS WILSON

Would Free Officeholders
From Domination of Organi-
zations, She Declares.

MADISON, Wis., June 18.—Organization of "people's machines" to combat the old political machines was advocated by Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President, who arrived here to-day to attend the preliminary conference on civic secretaryship which will begin to-night.

"If we do not want officeholders whom we elect to be under obligations to political machines not of our making we must make our own machines—machines of Democracy—and demand their allegiance to the people," said Miss Wilson.

"Conservation and organization of the forces of democracy is the great work the American people have before them. The school buildings are natural centers where people can meet and concentrate their forces. Not only should the schoolhouse be provided free of charge for public meetings, but a civic secretary should be furnished, just as secretaries are furnished meetings of city councils."

In the party that arrived with Miss Wilson were Miss Zona Gale, the writer; Mrs. Maggie W. Barry, of Sherman, Tex.; Herbert Quick, author; Frank Harter Stockbridge, of Chicago; Dean Walter T. Sumner of Chicago; John R. Richards, play superintendent in the South Parks, Chicago; and Miss Genevieve Turner, social centre worker.

WOODS SAYS HE GUARDS THOMAS JEFFERSON PARK

Disposes of Criticism That He Ig-
nored Complaints of Rowdy-
ism There.

Police Commissioner Woods replied to-day to the charge that he had neglected dealing with rowdism in Thomas Jefferson Park, on East One Hundred and Tenth street, with the declaration that through his orders adequate police protection has been provided.

I. M. Beard of the choir school of St. John the Divine wrote to Park Commissioner Ward that he had asked the Police Commissioner for an appointment to talk over the park police question and received word that Mr. Woods was "too busy."

When Commissioner Woods learned of Mr. Beard's letter he said he had heard from Mr. Beard on April 30, and replied on May 1, saying that, owing to pressure of business, the matter should be taken up with Secretary Scull.

He said his attention also had been called to evil conditions in the park by heads of schools and neighborhood houses in the vicinity, and he had ordered Inspector Kaut to make an investigation. The latter found plenty to sustain the complaints, and letters were sent to school and neighborhood heads asking their co-operation with the police.

The commissioner said everything possible had been done to make Thomas Jefferson Park a proper and pleasant place for children.

FORMER CONGRESSMAN IN JAIL FOR CONTEMPT

"Fighting Harry" Hanbury Refused
to Talk as Witness in Case
Against Patrick H. Flynn.

"Fighting Harry" Hanbury, who earned his title when he was a Republican Congressman from Brooklyn, is in Raymond Street Jail, where last night he began a term of thirty days for contempt of court. Hanbury refused to answer questions when called as a witness in supplementary proceedings against Patrick H. Flynn, and as he hasn't changed his mind about answering he is liable to find himself again in contempt after he is through with his present punishment which included, besides imprisonment, a fine of \$250.

J. Benedict Roache got a judgment for \$5,000 against Flynn more than a year and a half ago. Flynn contended he was penniless, but Charles L. Craig, counsel for Roache, said that Flynn's ward, Mrs. Helena H. Maht, was holding property for Flynn which would more than satisfy the judgment. He asked Hanbury about a check for \$25,000 which Mrs. Maht had drawn and he had endorsed and cashed.

A Supreme Court Justice found Hanbury in contempt for refusing to answer and Hanbury appealed to the Appellate Division. The decision was against him and he carried the case to the Court of Appeals, which found against him last night.

These little lines in vain would be
Unless we knew you'd like the
tea.

White Rose CEYLON TEA

White Rose Coffee, None Better

How Much for This Little Baby Poor Mother Is Forced to Sell?



How much are you willing to pay for a real, live baby? Her mother thinks the little mite is worth a great deal of money, beyond calculation in fact, but in her sorrow and her sickness she is willing to sell her young child for enough money to buy food for her other two children may live.

The baby is Millie Zabel, two months old. Mrs. Zabel lives in two rooms in a rear tenement at No. 77 Allen street. Not long ago her husband ran away. He returned to their old home across the ocean, leaving his wife and three children destitute.

Mrs. Zabel is ill and not able to work for the few cents a day necessary to keep the breath of life in her little family.

As a last resort, at a sacrifice only a mother can know, she has decided that the only thing to do is to sell Baby Millie for money. Millie's older brother and sister must live, and so must the mother, until she is able to earn something by working. She promises that she will not bother in the future whoever is good enough to come to the rescue and buy the baby.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS SEE CITY OFFICIALS AT WORK

Washington Irving Class Visits
Board of Estimate in Study
of Civics.

A class of young ladies from the Washington Irving High School met in the front row of seats during to-day's meeting of the Board of Estimate and started in open eyed wonder while the Mayor, Comptroller Prendergast and the Borough Presidents transacted millions of dollars worth of business and cracked jokes between.

The young visitors couldn't understand how officials who apparently had such great responsibilities could see anything humorous in the proceedings.

There was a discussion about when the board ought to meet again in conference. A night in July was mentioned.

WELL-GROOMED WOMEN REMOVE HAIR GROWTHS WITH EL RADO

The removal of embarrassing hair is becoming more prevalent every day. Thousands of women now regard El Rado, the light hair remover, as necessary to a bold, artistic and modern appearance. It is a simple, safe, and effective method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

El Rado is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation. It is a standard, reliable, and safe method of removing hair, leaving the skin smooth and free from irritation.

One Ten Cent Box of
EX-LAX

The Famous Chocolate Laxative

will regulate your bowels and relieve you of the miseries of

Constipation

If your stomach isn't just right, if you have a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, feel distressed after eating and have frequent headaches, just take Ex-Lax. This will tone up your stomach, aid digestion, promote bodily vigor and strengthen the nervous system. You will be surprised to see how quickly your energy, ambition and appetite will come back to you.

10c, 25c and 50c a Box, at All Drug Stores.

THE WILLARD CO.

841 BROADWAY AT 13TH ST.

FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY Ketchikan, Carhart & Co.

Take Subway car to 14th Street, walk to Broadway, 1 block south to 13th St. Open evenings daily 11 P. M. to 1 A. M. Saturdays 10 P. M. to 1 A. M. Care Free Delivery to Out-of-town Customers.